

Gunavati

I prostrate myself on the
ground
before you ; I beg at your feet.
The
custom, that comes through
all ages,
is not the King's own. Like
heaven's
air, it belongs to all men. Yet
your
Queen begs it of you, with
clasped
hands, in the name of your
people.
Can you still remain silent,
proud man,
refusing entreaties of love in
iavour
of duty which is doubtful ?
Then go,
go, go from me. ' [They
go,

(*Entw* RAGHUPATI, JATSING,
and
NAYAN RAI.)

Raghupati

General, your devotion to
Mother
is well known.

Nat/an Rai

It runs through generations
of my
ancestors.